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LADIES' BANNER WAISTS

New Lot, Just in from the East, They are Going Fast at from

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General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

THE WILLIAMSON HAFNER CO.
OUR CUTS TALK
ENGRAVERS-PRINTERS
DENVER

Local and General

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Mining Location Notices kept in stock for sale at SENTINEL OFFICE.

Harry Malone came down in the Cottage City, and stopped off at Wrangell to look into the needs of the local merchants.

F. E. Smith is doing an all-fired lot of hard work clearing and draining that lot recently purchased by him near his dairy and residence.

Mrs. Geo. H. Barnes and son, Elton, left some days ago for Washington, and Elton will enter one of the many excellent schools of that state.

Alaska's Forester, W. A. Langille, who has been out at Valdez looking after the newly established reserve, was a passenger home in the Seattle.

Bro. Chas. Scheffler of the Skagway Alaskan, was a passenger in the Cottage City for Seattle, where he goes to purchase a typesetting machine and other office equipment.

Five men who have been with the Canadian boundary survey party on the Tan. came down in the Cottage City and have gone to join the party working north from the Stikine.

A year ago Petersburg had no saloon, as a license could not be obtained for conducting one. Now there are two, and a petition is out for a third.

"If a man tries to do business without advertising or, worse, at a girl in the dark the result is about the same!"—Ketchikan Miner.

A "big game" several drunken Indians, a free-for-all fight, Saturday, and one poor native sent to jail for twenty days. Fine doings!

The heavy dew which fell last Sunday

Rev. Thos. Jenkins of Ketchikan, has gone to Richmond, Va., to attend the general convention of the Episcopal Church, and will probably visit his old home in England before returning to Alaska. The October number of the Cross-Bearer will be edited by Mr. F. M. Loomis of Ketchikan.

Mrs. T. J. Case, her daughter, Dolly, and sons, Oscar and Lawrence, reached home from Kasaan last Friday, in the Humboldt. They arrived a little late, as Mr. Case has just finished canning and preserving all the fruit on the place; but they are welcome home, just the same.

Thirteen corporations, with capital stock ranging from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000, have been organized at Valdez, recently, by Reynolds and Brady. The corporations will have buying agents at Seattle, and will establish branches at various points in Alaska, with headquarters at Valdez.

The miners along the lower Yukon and other interior points are sending out their gold dust by mail, as that method is cheaper than express or freight. One steamer recently carried a million dollars worth of dust to Seattle.

SENTINEL last week failed to mention the fact that the native public school had been opened, with Mrs. Pacey as instructress. The lady arrived week before last and opened school on Monday of last week.

Manager Claud B. Hanthorn of the Santa Ana cannery was up to town last week, wearing a happy smile, having finished the pack for this season. The work of labeling and boxing will require only a few weeks.

NOTICE TO CLAIMANTS

Claimants of tracts, lots or parcels of land within the exterior boundary of Wrangell Townsite are respectfully requested to clear the lines of their respective claims of brush and undergrowth, which may obstruct a view from one corner of a lot to another, and to put stakes at the corners of their claims.

Also, if there are any overlapping or conflicting claims, it is suggested that a compromise or settlement be effected before the survey and platting thereof, saving trouble and the expense of a court case. By so doing the survey will be facilitated and the expense materially reduced.

MARCUS FAYETTE INMAN,

"Nothing succeeds like success" can truly be applied to our friend, J. T. Barron, owner and operator of the Frontier Bay cannery. Several years ago he ran the old cannery at Girard Point, near this place, which he disposed of to the P. P. & N. Co., after which he went to his present location and began operations. His pack has increased from year to year, and this year he has put up 85,000 cases, most of which has been shipped below in good shape. This means for him a good, round clean-up, and his many Alaska friends are all glad of it, as Mr. Barron is a large-hearted gentleman and a hustler from the word, Go! He was a passenger for Portland in the last Seattle.

John P. Richardson, an attorney, of Oakland, Calif., and cousin of Deputy Collector of Customs, F. E. Bronson, came down on the last City of Seattle and stopped off until the Cottage City went down. It was the first meeting of the cousins in over twenty-seven years. When Mr. Richardson left for home he was accompanied by Miss Margaret Bronson, who will go to Oakland and enter the schools of that place. Margaret will be missed from the home fire-side and the social circles of Wrangell.

Owing to some hitch in running the exterior boundary line along the beach, it was necessary for the surveyor to send to Surveyor General Distric for some additional notes. But this does not stop the work, as the force is now engaged in running the interior lines. It is the purpose of Trustee Inman to push the work so as to be able to give property holders a valid title to their lots before long. Good news!

Citations to the heirs of Thos. A. Willson and Rufus Sylvester, both deceased, have been posted, requiring them to appear October 28th, 1907, and show cause, if any there be, why the estate of Willson & Sylvester be not finally settled. This, of course, will mean the sale of the mill and its appurtenances.

The average Wrangell boy was eating candy, popcorn and peanuts, Saturday evening, the result of an attack on Mr. and Mrs. Baker with tin cans and other "instruments of torture." The boys said they did this not because they wanted the candy, etc., but just to pay their respects to the newly married couple.

They tell us that the exterior south line run last week by the surveyors excludes from the incorporate limits of the town the Casiar saloon building and all of the buildings on that side of the

BAKER-RYUS WEDDING

Of the wedding of C. G. Baker of this place to Miss Ryus of Ketchikan, the Miner, September 5, says:

"A very pleasant wedding was that which took place last night at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ryus, and in which Miss Florence McChesnie Ryus and Mr. Cecil Christian Baker were the contracting parties, Rev. Joseph A. Chapman officiating. The affair was of a semi-private character, only old and intimate friends of the family and of the young couple being invited. The rooms were elaborately and profusely decorated with evergreens and flowers and potted plants, and the ceremony was solemnized in front of a prettily arranged and appropriately draped altar, provided by young lady friends of the bride. The bride was simply but handsomely gowned, while the groom wore a suit of plain black of the every day style and in marked contrast with the traditional dress suit so often affected on such occasions. Both bride and groom bore themselves with a dignity and modesty of demeanor wholly becoming, and at the close of the ceremony were most heartily congratulated by all present, following which dainty refreshments were served. The young couple were made the recipients of many handsome presents, all appropiate and useful, some of them costly and of rare value both intrinsically and otherwise. The bride is one of Ketchikan's fairest daughters, especially distinguished for her love of parents and devotion to home rather than fondness for society, more than which cannot be said in the praise of any young woman. The groom is a young gentleman of good habits and pleasing manners, at one time in the employ of the Ryus Drug company here, now in the same line of business on his own account at Wrangell, to which place the happy pair will take with them the best wishes of the people of Ketchikan, without exception, and at which place they will be at home on and after September 18."

Mr. and Mrs. Baker arrived up from Ketchikan in the Humboldt, and are getting settled for housekeeping in the J. F. Collins home. They will join the people of Wrangell in extending hearty congratulations and a warm welcome.

A BARGAIN FOR SOMEBODY

Three hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$325) buys the best 23-foot launch in Southeastern Alaska. This launch is 5 feet and 4 inches wide, has oak keel and ribs, with an 8-inch cockpit coaming, also oak; planked with best red fir; all fastenings are of copper, riveted through washers. Propelled by a new 3-horsepower Royal gas engine with reversible propeller; speed guaranteed six miles per hour. Batteries, all necessary tools, a folding canvas buggy top, and a new 10-foot skiff go with the launch. Boat can be seen in operation at any time by inquiring of John A. Perry at Wrangell cable office. The boat or engine are not one year old. Just the thing for loggers or trappers.

The best piece of property in Wrangell changed hands Monday. Several days ago Mr. Humphreys came up from Victoria to dispose of the wharf, if possible, for Robert Reid, which he has succeeded in doing, to the St. Michael Trading Co., the price being, approximately, \$7,000. The transaction includes the wharf, approaches, the two large warehouses and the pile-driver, besides the good will of Mr. Reid, who has run the wharf since it was built four years ago until his late illness. While SENTINEL is sorry to see Mr. Reid surrendering his various business interests in Wrangell, it must congratulate the St. Michael Co. on coming into so valuable a piece of property as this wharf. The new owners intend putting on some necessary repairs in the near future.

Since Thursday last our friend J. Babler, superintendent of the Point Highland cannery, near this place, has been lying in what was thought to be a most precarious condition. Mr. Babler had gone up the stairs that run up on the outside of the cook house, and when at the upper landing his feet slipped from under him and he fell to the walk below a distance of twelve or fifteen feet, striking on his back and receiving internal injuries besides a severe shock to his whole system. For a day or two it was feared that he could not survive the shock, but a change came for the better, and he has been gradually improving since Saturday last.

L. J. Swartz, who has been manager of the Barnes cannery at Lake Bay, finished his pack the fore part of last week, and then came up to town for a day or two. Three years ago when Mr. Swartz took charge of this cannery, it had been putting up from 9,000 to 17,000 cases. This, he has been steadily increasing, until this year he filled all of his cans, (22,000 cases) and says he could easily have made the pack 30,000 cases. It

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits
A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

Just Received a Large Shipment of

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RENEW YOUR PIPES AND ROOF PLATES

Hot Blast Stoves and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Large Stock of Guns and Ammunition

ALWAYS ON HAND

St. Michael Trading Company

JAGER 4-CYCLE MARINE ENGINES

"Wiahatha," Up-to-Now

"Give me of your body, Fir Tree! Of your red and seasoned lumber! Growing on the rugged mountain, Tall and stately on the mountain. A launch will build for cruising. Give me of your wood, O Oak Tree! Of your strong and pliant body! My new launch to make more steady. Make more strong and firm beneath me. Give me of your boll, O Cotton! Of your fibrous boll, O Cotton! Then I'll get a 'horsing iron' And I'll fill the gaping seams up, That the ocean may not enter. That the water may not wet me." So the little launch was built in the valley by the river. And the other fellows, blushing, Would reply: "I've had a lemon. 'Now, I'll have to get a motor; And I want the best that's going. So I'll have to buy a JAGER. Then I'll never have a breakdown And my boat will always get there. Wisely spoke my Wiahatha. For he knew some other fellows Who had bought two-cycle engines; Bought them for a dollar a pound, 'Cause they were a little cheaper, And he'd seen the carburetor Fail to work when needed mostly.

Seen them fairly out the benzine, Making 'mixture' much too richly. And the smoking, stinking exhaust Looked like storm-clouds in the sun-shine. He had seen the peaky engines Go to pieces in the tempest. So he bought a six-horse JAGER, Bought it of the agent, Snyder. At the bustling town of Wrangell In the far-off frozen Northland; Put it in his little boat and Went out cruising in the harbor. And, behold, his boat went faster Than all other boats around him; And when he would pass the others He would yell: "Why are you anchored? And the other fellows, blushing, Would reply: "I've had a lemon. Handled to me from an orchard Only thought to produce peaches. For these d—d two-cycle engines Are no good," and straightway went they To the deepest big sea water. (Navigation, not to hinder) Took the worthless dollar-a-pound Engines from their little launches, And they dumped them in the ocean, Sunk them to the very bottom. Then they straightway went to Snyder

Geo. C. L. who sells the JAGER. And they bought them honest engines. Though they cost a little higher, They were "there with bells" for business. Never more, in all that section Were there seen two-cycle engines; And when agents tried to sell them To the natives of that country, He would get a wallop, quickly. In the region of his grub-box, In the tender solar plexus; For had they not learned a lesson From those racket-store contraptions; Paid more money out for repairs Than a JAGER would have cost them? From this story take a moral: That will run in any weather. So that you may tow your neighbor When his motor goes to "bucking", Go to George Curtis L. Snyder And get him to send off straightway To the JAGER ENGINE factory. And you'll surely get a motor That will always do the business And it will not keep you "busted" Paying money to repair shops. It will cost more but you'll get the Worth of every dog-goned dollar."

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
AGENT FOR SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA

Judge James Wickersham, was a passenger in the last Humboldt, on his way in to Fairbanks, after holding a term of court at Valdez. He was confined to his berth on the steamer, threatened with typhoid fever. Mrs. Wickersham accompanies her husband.

E. H. Lyons, G. E. Rodman, Frank Waterbury and Charley Olson went over to the flats, Thursday, to repair the house built some time ago by our local Nimrods, and incidentally to bag a little game. They returned Monday with three dozen ducks and sixteen geese, all fat as butter.

We are informed that the mill will have finished its salmon bix contracts by Saturday night, and will close down that department of the mill for the season. The mill will probably run two months or more filling orders.

I. Frohman returned last week from

SOME VERY GOOD SKIN BEAUTIFIERS and TAN ERADICATORS

Almarosa Cream and Almarosa Talcum Powder

These are two new preparations which have been giving excellent satisfaction in the east, and are used extensively. Buy them of

THE BAKER DRUG CO.
Wrangell, Alaska

Attorney John F. Maloney of Juneau, and daughter, were passengers for Seattle in the Cottage City.

Collector of Customs, C. L. Hobart

Mr. and Mrs. Oaksmit and several other parties called up from Hadley in a sloop, Saturday. They had a good wind and came flying.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Peasants are recommended as a cure for certain diseases. It is to be hoped that is not a doctor's shell game.

The question, "Does poetry pay?" has been revived. At the present high cost of paper it would seem that it doesn't.

A Russian anarchist arrested in Paris is named Law. His initials are not given, but presumably they are O. U. T.

Many a boy whose fond parents have picked him out for a future President puts an end to their hopes by rocking the boat.

A New York court has decided that oysters are wild animals. Could an oyster kill an antelope by biting it in the neck?

"A man who whistles seldom swears," says a Wyoming paper. Holding a lemon in the mouth will also keep a man from swearing.

Word comes from Columbus that the game of checkers is more popular in Ohio than it has ever been in the past. Ohio runs a big risk of getting herself denounced for mollicoddling.

"I am a great dramatist," says George Bernard Shaw. George is unquestionably a great something or other, but is it dramatist? Many think it is egotist.

"Angels don't wear whiskers and pants, or at least we never saw any that did," comments the Nashville American. Has our esteemed contemporary ever seen any that didn't?

The Atchison Globe wants to know "what has become of the old-fashioned fighter, who claimed that he could whip his weight in wildcats?" We understand that he is married and has gotten over the fool notion.

There are hundreds of young men in this country who are ready to follow King Edward in anything he starts, but the cable news that he has taken to wearing pink shirts appears to have been too much for them.

According to estimates made by the Department of Agriculture rats cost our farmers about \$100,000,000 a year. When the green bug ceases to terrify there may be a chance for the speculators to use the rat in their business.

A Russian colonel has been sent to prison because his regiment refused when he called for cheers for the Czar to respond. He would probably have been executed if he had not called for the cheers. It is no joke to be a Russian colonel.

That Brooklyn school boy who applied to the courts to have his income increased to \$12,000 a year because he found it impossible to get along on \$8,000 is no doubt the son of a man who would have considered it the sheerest folly to pay more than 25 cents for a pair of socks.

The man who tried to ride a pony across the country within a certain time failed and lost a wager thereby, but the Wyoming girl who rode 750 miles across the mountains to marry a man in Montana got there on time. When a determined young woman starts on a journey, with a husband at the end of it, there is no obstacle that can stop her.

Farming, in theory at least, has been taken from the catalogue of plodding frugidity and placed in that of a vocation in which success depends not more upon industry than upon knowledge. The farmers' institute is the outgrowth of this movement—supplemental of the work of the agricultural college and the government experiment station. This being true, it is an institution that has an important place in the evolution of the science of agriculture and farmers should make it a point of conscience, looking to the advancement of their vocation and interests, to see that the boys and girls of their households attend as well as themselves.

To those who conceive of Alaska as a place of cold and hardship and privation there will be an element of surprise in the advice of Dr. Henry Gannett of the United States Geological Survey: "If you are old, go by all means; but if you are young, wait." Mr. Gannett gives this reason for his advice: "The scenery of Alaska is much grander than anything else of the kind in the world, and it is not well to dull one's capacity for enjoyment by seeing the finest sights first." Visitors to the Jamestown exhibition will have a chance to study an interesting relief map of Alaska which is part of the government exhibit. It has been constructed as if it were a part of a globe sixteen feet in diameter. The scale is a little more than forty miles to the inch, and the relief gives a prominence and distinctness to the elevations and depressions which a flat map cannot impart.

When we consider the number of enemies constantly preying upon the human race and the vast numbers of us that are wiped out annually everywhere by other than usual causes, the wonder is that any of us are left to tell the tale. The tropical flea, as we

all know, spreads contagion which kills some ten to fifteen millions of us every year. Then there is the tropical and subtropical mosquito which causes the death of another ten to fifteen million. Then there is the common house fly which operates in all the zones and in every climate and which is answerable for anywhere from five to ten million of lives annually. If we should count in the various flying bugs, the multitude of insects which flit from place to place, to say nothing of the flying particles of dust, every atom of which may contain a deadly germ, we should be able to add anywhere from fifty to seventy-five million to the grand and terrible total. And recently we learned by telegraph that in India the rats are carrying off by infection no fewer than 75,000 victims annually, which item of information opens a new field for the vital statistician. We shall next hear from him with regard to the deadly work done by the cat, the dog, the chicken, the cow, the sheep, and the horse—every one of which, no doubt, is carrying on the work of destruction in its own peculiar way, but at a rate that would be appalling to us if we only knew the horrible facts. Sometimes it looks to the patient reader as if, could he know all the horrible facts, and know them all at once, he would rejoice to have the worst over and over at once. It is the uncertainty that weighs upon him, depresses him, and causes him to wonder what is going to happen next, and whether he is not likely, as a consequence of feeling so well, to be the last creature left on earth when the many plagues all get to working together. Of course, it is next to impossible to take in the full horror of the situation unless we are already well informed with regard to the number of us who pass away annually as a result of eating impure food, or drinking impure drinks, or breathing impure air. We hesitate to go into the statistics covering these points, because there are too many of us suffering from nervousness as it is, but we might as well all understand, and be done with it, that we are entirely safe only when we eat and sleep regularly, think good thoughts, look pleasant, and forget all about things of this kind.

GERMAN PRINCES IN TRADE.

Various Lines of Business in Which They Are Engaged.

The kaiser, who inherited from one of his wealthy subjects a porcelain factory at Carden worth about 6,000,000 marks, is not the only royal man of business in Germany.

The Prince of Lippe-Deimold makes the major part of his income from the sale of butter and eggs from his estate and bricks from his limekilns. His civil list is small and he keeps up the royal state of his little principality (he looks into three countries from his drawing room window) by the revenues from his personal property.

Prince Bismarck had the monopoly of supplying the telegraph poles for the German empire and had a distillery in which he produced a particularly vicious schnapps, which is said to be "a near thing to a torchlight procession."

Prince Guido Von Henckel Von Donnersmarck is not only the richest coal proprietor in the German empire, but is also a silk manufacturer.

Prince Christian Kraft Von Hohenlohe, Duke of Ujest, is not only a mine owner but also the owner of the Hohenlohe meat factory, the Hohenlohe cake bakery and—horrible to relate—the Hohenlohe corset factory.

Prince Max Egon Von Furstenberg, the richest aristocrat in Germany and friend of the kaiser, is a brewer.

WHEN THE TEAM IS WINNING.



THE BASEBALL MANAGER.
Who is it, when the team gets beat.
Is called a slow with ill-matched feet;
And yet, when next his men shall win,
Must hear them get the plaudits sweet?
The manager.

Belgium shopkeepers generally are dealers in miscellaneous goods. One man in a small way, for instance, sells beer, foreign stamps, fruit, cotton, biscuits, penknives, cheese and second-hand hair. Everywhere one finds a mania for glaring lights. One evening when I was out I saw a tremendous light in the distance, and I thought it must surely be an advertisement for a music-hall. When I got nearer, I found that the light merely conveyed the intelligence that sardines were sold on the premises.

It is no sign because a guest has the spare room that she has also a welcome.

If the sermon isn't to our liking we think it is directed at the other fellow.

RIOTOUS SCENES IN THE WINE WAR IN FRANCE.



RIOTING WINE-GROWERS IN THE STREETS OF NARBONNE.

swept about, one being that mutiny had spread throughout the entire army and that it would be impossible to check the winegrowers' revolt. Following the desertion of the Seventeenth Regiment, half of the Eighty-first Regiment, sent against the mutineers, joined them. The One Hundredth Regiment also mutinied. Fresh troops from the north of France were hurried into the disturbed district.

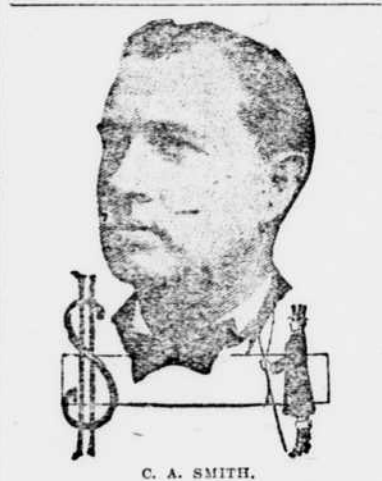
The authorities of Narbonne issued orders that specific routes should be followed by those attending the funerals of the riot victims. The routes were entirely isolated by troops in the hope of preventing dangerous demonstrations.

STORY OF A STURDY SWEDE.

Remarkable Life of a Little Known Minneapolis Millionaire.

Emigrant, coachman, multimillionaire! These are the three grades in the life of C. A. Smith, a Swede who lives in Minneapolis. Smith is only 54, and the next stage in his life will be given up to placing his descendants on a rock of fortune that will endure for centuries, perhaps.

The story of this sturdy, thrifty Swede is one of the many stories of fortune which the Northwest loves to tell. Smith tumbled off an emigrant train in Minneapolis on June 28, 1857, at the age of 14. He was a strong boy, without a word of English, but in a day or two he went to work as a chore boy at the home of ex-Governor Pillsbury. His native name was unpronounceable,



C. A. SMITH.

so he became Smith. Soon he was good enough to drive the coach. He went to school a little, and then entered Pillsbury's hardware store. Finally Smith went into the store business himself, with Pillsbury as his partner. It was at Herman, Minn., and they sold grain, lumber and farm implements. Every year the young man was gaining business wisdom, putting more money away, and becoming Americanized.

In a few years the country store was too small for his activities. He went back to Minneapolis, and the first of the C. A. Smith lumber mills started to cut logs in 1884. The business grew, and the mills with it, until they soon were the largest in the world. In 1890 Mr. Smith bought out the Pillsbury interests in the business. Since then the big company has been composed of but one man, C. A. Smith, who says he be-

lieves he owns more standing timber to-day than any other man. Either Mr. Smith or James B. Walker of Minneapolis owns most. It is a question of which is entitled to the title of "largest" owner in the world.

When the vast woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin began to disappear Mr. Smith led the way to the wooded slopes of the Pacific, where he now owns more millions of standing trees than his mills can convert into lumber during his lifetime. And he is well aware of this fact. He admits it, and is buying more every week, almost every hour. He declares he will never sell a single acre of timber land. His aim is to secure enough standing timber so that his sons and their sons and grandsons may make planks and shingles from the family forests long after the rest of the North American continent has been denuded.

In 1878 Mr. Smith married Johanna Anderson, whose parents came from Werneland, Sweden. They have five children.

PLAYS PENEUCLE WITH HUBBY.

Should Wife Let Him Win Just to Keep the Peace?

"Peneucle is a peculiar game," observed the married woman. "When a woman wins it's because she is lucky, but when a man wins it's due to his good judgment and nerve in holding his cards for big mends. I play the game two or three nights a week with my husband for an opponent, and the way he frowns when things are not coming his way is enough to make one smile. But I do not dare smile.

"I do not even dare resent it when he says things about my dumb luck when I lay down kings for an 80 moid or when he sneeringly suggests that I should be a speculator if I quietly spread out four aces on the table.

"If I win the first game he demands that I shuffle the cards decently during the next game, or if he does the shuffling he takes two minutes to do it and declares that the cards are going to be mixed all right this game.

"If on his own deal he gets a hand that doesn't look good he murmurs something about the luck being all on one side and looks at me as if I were a criminal if I mield the first deuce and

pick up the king or ace of trumps. "Suddenly his demeanor changes and I know he is getting some good cards. Then he lays down the 150 moid and tells me what nerve he had in holding for it, as he had no trumps in the deal, and was half-way through the hand

RIOTING WINE-GROWERS IN THE STREETS OF NARBONNE.

swept about, one being that mutiny had spread throughout the entire army and that it would be impossible to check the winegrowers' revolt. Following the desertion of the Seventeenth Regiment, half of the Eighty-first Regiment, sent against the mutineers, joined them. The One Hundredth Regiment also mutinied. Fresh troops from the north of France were hurried into the disturbed district.

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before he had anything. I smile and make the same moid on the next play. Then he becomes angry again and is vicious in his denunciation of my luck. "There is a limit to my endurance, so I remark that he should have known by his own hand that the other cards were very likely out against him, and that had he led trumps it would have been all off with me. He has no answer to that, but he frowns dismally and picks up his next card with the air of a martyr. And so it goes.

"If he loses three games in succession he gets up from the table without a word, puts on his coat and goes out without saying where he is going or when he will return. From the way he slams the door after him I gather the impression that he is angry.

"Then I wonder if it would not be the wise course for me to deliberately lose the games and keep him good natured. But somehow I can't do it. I love to beat him."—New York Press.

Lightning Flashes.

Lightning flashes in a storm are found by an English observer to be much less irregular in period than they appear. Such storms have usually two

fool, sometimes three, from which the flashes radiate, and the discharges from each come at regular intervals. The apparent irregularity is due to the varying rates of the different centers. In one storm noticed the two foel were about a mile and a half apart, and in an hour the northern center emitted thirty flashes at intervals of fifteen, thirty-five, sixty and ninety seconds, and the southern center gave sixteen flashes at intervals of seventeen, thirty-four and fifty-one seconds. Another unexplained observation is that just before each great flash there is a momentary faint lighting up of the sky in the stormy region.

The Term for It.

"My weight," said Huskie, "is exactly 250 pounds."

"You mean with all your heavy clothes on?" queried Ascum.

"No, sir! That's my net weight."

"Net? Most folks would call that gross."—Philadelphia Press.

Illusion.

Woman (expecting a call from her lover)—Oh, this waiting is something terrible! I can't stand it. (To maid.) Sophie, go outside and ring the bell three or four times, hard!—Translated for Tales from Meggendorfer Blaetter.

The good either die young or poor.

WOMEN'S LEAGUE FORMED.

Equal Suffrage Movement to Become National in Scope.

The American men folks are in for it. The suffragettes are coming! The movement started in England has been taken up in New York. Plans of organization are under way and the equal suffrage women in other cities are becoming interested. The New York association is known as the Women's League. It is proposed to make its initial salute an agitation such as has had no parallel since Elizabeth Cady Stanton held her woman's rights convention. It is to be launched as a federation of the women of the State, looking to a larger national council, and a committee at Albany to lobby for every measure that affects the sex will be a vital part of the program.

The movement is headed by Mrs. Dore Lyon, who is president of the Eclectic Club and one of the best dressed women in New York. But behind her looms Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, daughter of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It was Mrs. Blatch who fired the first shot in the proposed campaign last winter, when she organized the League of Self-Supporting Women.

The plans of the American suffragettes is to conduct a militant campaign such as the women of London carried forward until they awoke all England. At the last meeting of the Women's League Mrs. Wells, a London member of the "fighting women," told how they "boomed" an obnoxious member of parliament from a public meeting.

Mrs. Blatch here arose and said that women had been insulted by a prominent legislator at Albany recently when they went there to secure certain rights.



MRS. HARRIET STANTON BLATCH.

of line attached, and at the other end a vinegar cask was made fast. This was thrown overboard to mark the position of the chest, and some day, very soon, these men of the Alabama mean to fit out an expedition at their own expense and go down there, drag up that box and see what it contains.

GOOD MANNERS' SECRET.

Two Theories of the Acquisition, Unselfishness and Conventionality.

Most mothers hold, consciously or unconsciously, one of two theories about the acquisition of manners by their children.

One mother says: "Manners are only the outward sign of the inner nature. If my daughter has a kind heart and a well-trained mind she will behave in a gentle, charming fashion. I will teach her compassion, respect for age, unselfish zeal for helping with the world's work. Her manners will take care of themselves."

Another mother says: "My girls will never get on without conventional manners. They shall be taught from babyhood to emulate the speech and bearing of ladies. They shall be instructed in the proper behavior for every occasion. They shall walk and dance and write and speak with graceful perfection."

Neither method, says the Youth's Companion, produces altogether satisfactory results.

Unselfishness is truly the foundation of good manners, but not the superstructure. Many conventional restrictions have grown about social relations. Some can be explained by the demand of kindness and some can not. Could a child infer from his desire to help



MRS. DORE LYON.

Mrs. Blatch remarked that this man would have occasion to regret it at his next public declaration because "the women would be there." That indicates the temper of these new American suffragettes. There are many well-known women in the movement.

IS IT A TREASURE CHEST?

Officers of the Alabama Make Discovery in Cuban Waters.

While the various battleships comprising the Atlantic fleet were at the rendezvous on the south shore of Cuba it came to pass on one still morning in April last that one of these, the Alabama, flagship of the second squadron, must needs lose an awning stanchion by dropping it overside, says the New York Times.

Now, awning stanchions are not a very important part in the equipment of a battleship, and one more or less makes no serious difference. This one had gone overboard in about seventy feet of water, and at about the same time the crew was going to breakfast, so no effort was made to recover it. But it so happened that the surgeon of the vessel, Surgeon L. von Wedekind, came on deck just then to smoke an after-breakfast cigar, and leaning over the aft rail discerned a white object glimmering in the depths beneath. Gazing more intently into the limpid depth—the ship just then having swung so as to form a lee—the surgeon made out the outlines of another object resting on the sea bed some seventy feet under foot, and one which took the shape of a stout chest, iron-bound and apparently incrustured with the barnacles of a hundred years or more.

The surgeon called others to look, and one or two of his brother officers got a glimpse of the chest before the sea breeze again blurred the surface of the water. Then it was that a resourceful lieutenant constructed a careful scrutiny of the chest, and from his observations judged that it had rested there upward of a century or more. The chest appeared to be of very stout build, bound around with iron bands and one end of it was deeply sunk in the bed of the sea.

Admiral Davis, the flag officer who flies his pennant from the Alabama, was informed of the discovery, as was also Captain Comly, who commands the battleship. Both came to look, and both heard with great interest the report of the lieutenant who had inspected what is supposed to be some sunken treasure chest. None on board could guess from what galleon it had been dunge overboard, but all were quite certain that it contained many fortunes in pieces of eight. That it held vast treasure of some sort all were convinced, and arrangements were being made by which a diver could be sent down to pass a tackle around the chest when the flagship Connecticut, anchored a few miles away, made signal for the Alabama to get her anchor and proceed to the target range.

A half-dozen grate bars were hurriedly lashed together, a long length

others that he should not eat with his knife? Many offenses against good taste interfere in some way with the rights of others, but many others do not.

Still no set of rules to produce a polished lady will achieve a result fit for the strain of life. The members of the French boarding school may adorn the ballroom, but are too likely to fall at the breakfast table or in the crowded car. The woman of perfect manners must re-enforce her unselfishness by social rules, and conventionality must be vitalized by the warm desire of others' pleasure. The best of life never "comes naturally," whether in manners or morals.

The secret of charming manners is the desire for them. When the mother wishes them for her daughter as much as she wishes the other goods of the world her daughter will have them.

The First Marlborough.

Herbert Paul in his book on Queen Anne of England paints a queer picture of the great Duke of Marlborough.

He was not truthful. He was not straightforward. He was not honest. In his love of money and his capacity for hoarding it he rivaled those wretched misers who have done no more than contemplate their gains. And yet, such are the strange freaks in which nature indulges, this mean and selfish intriguer was endowed with perfect courage, with an irresistible charm or manner, with a temper which even his wife failed to disturb, with a brain that no sophistry could obscure and with a military genius before which criticism is humbly silent.

He was treacherous even in a treacherous age. Wholly devoid of cruelty and by nature humane, he is said never to have sacrificed an unnecessary life. He used his fellow creatures for his own purposes, and when he had no further use for them he forgot their existence. He made his plans and carried them out with the absolute efficiency of sheer intelligence and the serene implacability of impersonal fate.

A Lesson in Philanthropy.

A whole-souled resident of Harlem the other evening received the jolt of his career as a parent. While reading his evening paper the doorman rang, and a parcel from a big department store was announced. The cost was 30 cents, and he gave his little bright eyes, a girl of 6, a two-dollar bill with which to pay the boy.

Half an hour later the subject returned to him.

"Here, Mabel," he said. "Where's that money I gave you for the boy?"

"Why, papa," was little bright eyes' reply, "I did the same as you did yesterday with the newsboy. I told him to keep the change."—New York Globe.

Balanced.

"Miss Fluffy would be a pretty good-looking girl if her feet weren't so heavy."

"She stacks up pretty well, though; her head is light."—Detroit Free Press.

Being out of a job sort of tames a man down.

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1907.

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GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
MANAGER

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"Legislation is needed in Alaska to protect the Indians from the wiles of the unscrupulous whiskey trader, according to Right Reverend Bishop P. T. Rowe, Episcopal bishop of Alaska, who spoke at St. Paul's church yesterday morning," says the P.-I. of the 3rd inst. Just what legislation is needed in addition to that already written in the "Alaska Code," the bishop does not suggest. The law already in vogue fixes a penalty at a fine of from one to five hundred dollars or imprisonment from two to six months for furnishing intoxicating liquors to Alaska natives. But so long as unprincipled men or firms can make a few dollars through the nefarious practice of selling whiskey or Jamaica ginger to Indians, they seem willing to take their chances and it will take a small army of detectives to these law-breakers down and convict them. Nothing less than a straight sentence of five years to the pen, will even scare those people; and that is the minimum which the law should impose to make it effective.

Col. W. A. Glassford has recently returned to Seattle from a trip throughout Southeastern Alaska, and notes the fact that Uncle Sam needs more guides for mariners; that from Dixon's Entrance north to Skagway, 400 miles, there are eight lights. This is in American waters. From Dixon's Entrance to the south end of Vancouver Island, 530 miles, in British territory, there are 42 lights. Some difference in favor of our neighbors, and would indicate that this "glorious country," of which we boast, should get a move on itself. Col. Glassford also says that Petersburg needs a signal station; and he is right. A station should have been installed there at the same time the cable was laid to Wrangell, as Petersburg has become a place of considerable importance.

The Cordova Alaskan, in a recent number, says:
"Henry Bratner, one of the heaviest mine owners of Nome, wants it distinctly understood that he is not in favor of territorial government for Alaska, and that the men of his district who have invested large sums of money in the territory are of the same opinion."
Quite natural! The "big guns," generally, do not want territorial government, because such a government will do away with the "cinch" they are now enjoying. But the "big guns" are in the helpless minority, the laboring men and men in moderate circumstances far outnumbering those whose idea is that money is the government. And they must submit, and that soon, to the will of the majority, who stand firm for the right to govern themselves.

Something must be hurting one Capt. J. S. Book, a big timber holder of Washington. He recently made a trip to Southeastern Alaska, and when he returned to Seattle is reported to have said: "What timber I saw was gnarled and stunted and would not cut into

good lumber." Perhaps he didn't want to see good timber; or, perhaps again, he'd like to buy from Uncle Sam, at his own figures, a few thousand acres of this "gnarled and stunted" timber, the same as did syndicates in Washington and Oregon, a few years ago. The fact is, if a man wants to find as good timber in Southeastern Alaska as any place under the sun, he'll have no difficulty in finding it.

An exchange says: "The editor went to church last Sunday for the first time in several years. He listened to the testimony of the brethren and sisters, and stood up with them while the congregation sang 'Shall we know Each Other There?' As he looked around over the congregation he saw several of the leading members of the church who did not speak to each other while passing, and the question arose in his mind, why should they know each other 'there' when they apparently do not know each other 'here?' To one who 'wanders in darkness,' it seems like a very queer manner in which to emulate the Man who commanded us to 'love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

The Sentinel regrets to be termed a "kicker," and it would not be if it did not have a cause. But it wants to say right here and now, as it has said before, that the mail service to this section is a shame and a disgrace to the government that is pretending to serve its dependents. The only boats now bringing us mail directly from below, are the Cottage City and City of Seattle, and as these are following each other within a day or two it means virtually a ten days' service except what it can catch by that little jerk-water by the West Coast from Ketchikan. And the mail is often ten days getting from Juneau to Wrangell. Now isn't that enough to make us all kick? Isn't it enough to prompt us to petition the British boats to bring us relief?

'Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll,
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist the hole.—Ex.

COMMUNICATED

The editor of the Juneau Dispatch has seen fit to criticize, very severely, a recent contribution in the Alaska Magazine on Territorial Government. The article gave some of the reasons that have been advanced against territorial government, and one of them was that juries have apparently been lax in their enforcement of law, and gave as an instance a case where a jury failed to indict a man for passing a worthless check, when the man

even stood ready to plead guilty. The spirit of the answer reminds one of an instance where a lawyer asked a law student what he would do, if, after trying a case, he found the evidence was all against him. The student began to stutter "I-I—" "Don't stutter, sir," quickly said the lawyer, "Abuse, with all your might, the attorney on the other side." Apparently the editor of the Dispatch has tried to do this. He has misrepresented the spirit of the whole article. The article does stand for local self-government. It says that the ordinary machinery of self-government, with a legislature composed of two houses would be impossible in Alaska on account of its expense. The article advocates a commission to be elected by the people, to act with the governor, in the making of the laws. There was also suggested the principle of "Initiative and Referendum." If this is not local self-government, what is it? The construction of the commission was to be something like that of the commission governing Galveston, Texas, and was to embody some of the features of the commission of Public Utilities in New York state. If this is lunacy, well—there are others, and quite respectable ones, too.

The article complains that the writer, being a clergyman, is not a producer. What is the editor of the Dispatch a producer of? Judging even from the standpoint of radical socialism, we would say "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Our friend, the editor, should not stand

in the way of self-government. It must come. Those who believe in it should not throw stones at those of the same faith.

H. P. CORSE.
Wrangell, Sept. 3, 1907.

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